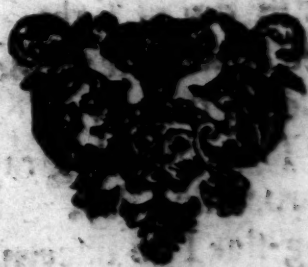


*Jesus Christ*  
*1163-46*  
*1161-29*  
*3*

THE  
SAINT'S FAITH  
IN  
CHRIST;

Being the DEVOUT BREATHINGS of a  
PIOUSSOUL after the

REDEEMER.



Printed for, and sold by *David Murdoch*  
*Blind Boy at Glasgow.*

( Price one Half-penny. )



## A SACRED POEM, &amp;c.

I Think I hear some pleasant sound,  
 Some loving breath I feel ;  
 I think I see some dawning light,  
 But do not know it well.  
 The storm is turn'd into a calm,  
 The darkness into light,  
 The fearful darkness of the night  
 Doth vanish out of sight.  
 I see the clouds withdraw themselves,  
 And shadows flee away,  
 I think I see some glancing rays  
 Of an approaching day.  
 The morning-star I do discern,  
 The day on high to spring,  
 Which to the weary dying heart  
 Life from the dead doth bring.  
 The sun doth rise with beauteous  
 And dazzling rays of light ; (beams  
 Of purest light, and only meet  
 To follow such a night.



O but

O but the light be sweet to them  
Whom darkness deep did hold,  
And sure, it is a pleasant thing  
The sun now to behold.

O fairest Sun of righteousness!

O radiant beauty bright!

O glorious and wonderful!

O everlasting light!

O amiable, sweet and fair!

Most lovely and most pure!

O uncreated Glory, which

Shall evermore endure!

By thee the morning-star gives light;

By thee the sun doth shine;

ea, all the great and lesser lights

Derive their light from Thine.

There is no need of sun nor moon,

Nor stars therein to shine;

There tho' they were, they could not

No light is light but Thine. (shine,

O loving spring of purest light,

From Thee sweet streams do go,

Of purest riches, deep and long,

Out of this fountain flow;

Which doth the dry and weary land,

And parched ground revive;

Which doth the weak and fainting heart

Restore, and it relieve.



Sure I am weak and fainting both,  
 And thereby pained fore ;  
 O let me have these streams divine,  
 That I may thirst no more.  
 O that unto the well of life  
 I might set to my head,  
 That I might drink and draw my fill,  
 According to my need.  
 That sweet and pleasant voice which  
 Like many waters sound, (doth  
 That fresh and lovely breath of thine,  
 Which doth in strength abound:  
 The smell of all thy garments do  
 New life in them contain ;  
 Which makes the dead and lifeless heart  
 Arise, and live again.  
 O living, loving, lovely one,  
 Thy love is ravishing ;  
 O height and depth, and length of love  
 Which heaven doth with it bring.  
 Love was Thy death, Thy love's my life  
 Which broughtest life to me :  
 Give me Thy love, Thy love's my all  
 Unto eternity.  
 My bowels for Thee earn, my soul  
 For Thee doth pain sustain ;  
 O do thou set me on Thy heart,  
 Let me there still remain ;

That

That I may live on love at will,  
 That love may me inclose;  
 That I may feed upon the sweet  
 Of that pure Sharon rose.  
 O precious and lovely one,  
 Thy love is sweet to me,  
 And pow'rful upon my heart  
 I do it find to be.  
 O that I had my fill of love,  
 I long for more of Thee;  
 I love the Lord, dost thou love me?  
 Can these two parted be;  
 Thy powerful and mighty love  
 My froward heart hath won,  
 And now my soul is captive led,  
 And all that's me within.  
 I think all men, and devils too,  
 Before thy love will bow,  
 If therefore thy allurements thou  
 Would'st upon them bestow.  
 O fairer far than sons of men,  
 Thou never fades away;  
 Of beauty the perfection  
 In Thee doth ever stay.  
 The scatt'red beauties every one,  
 Which here below we see,  
 Are all thy handy-work each one,  
 By Thee ordain'd be.

That

That glorious beauty it doth shine,  
 In heaven, about the throne,  
 The brightness of that glory there  
 Proceeds from thee alone.  
 By thee the heavenly palaces  
 Were beautified of old ;  
 By Thee the New Jerusalem  
 Looks like transparent gold.  
 O glory, glory, ev'ry where,  
 There many glories be ;  
 Of all the glory that is there,  
 The glory sure is he.  
 The sun and moon shall dark'ned be ;  
 The stars shall cease to shine :  
 All other glories dark'ned be ;  
 None lasting is but thine.  
 O happy they for ever more,  
 That may stand by and see  
 The glories of thy countenance  
 Unto eternity.  
 Thy name is rightly wonderful,  
 All wonders in thee be ;  
 Yea only wonderful thou art,  
 All wonders are in thee,  
 While I at greater distance stand,  
 And farther am from thee  
 The favour of thy name alone  
 Is pleasant unto me.



( 7 )

No aloes, myrrh, nor cassia,  
Nor any spices are,  
Nor yet the fragrant Lebanon,  
Of such a scent by far.  
Thou art the high and lofty one,  
Above the earth and heav'n,  
And unto thee all power above  
In heav'n and earth is giv'n.  
O'er all the earth's inhabitants,  
Unto the utmost end,  
And o'er the angels glorious,  
His power doth forth extend.  
Both life and death are in his hand,  
The keys of hell are his ;  
And as the highest king of kings,  
The crown of heav'n he wears.  
Of all the heighth and depth of grace,  
That's in the fountain full,  
He hath the power to dispose,  
According to his will ;  
The light of the eternal life,  
Out of the fountain pure,  
Of pardon, peace, and holiness,  
For ever to endure.  
The fullness of the father doth  
In him for ever dwell ;  
He of th' eternal Father is  
The Son to equal all.

The

( 8 )

The ministers of flaming fire,  
Who soon began his praise,  
When he first by his mighty hand  
The morning-star did raise ;  
The Cherubims and Seraphims,  
Ye who by-standers be,  
In times beginning, when that ye  
The new made heav'ns did see ;  
Long have ye look'd with wondering,  
And yet ye looking be,  
And yet your highest thoughts of him  
With folly charged be.  
Sure I of that mysterious one  
Do speak but stammeringly,  
And by my want of knowledge, there  
Is darkness unto me.  
But when I come unto that place  
Of glory, I shall be  
Fill'd with the knowledge of the God  
Of glorious majesty ;  
And see his face for evermore,  
And be of sin made free,  
And fill'd with glory, joy, and love,  
To all eternity.

**FINIS.**

